

Pickled Garbage Soup

Cows

You thought it out, you looked it up You tried to see what your
place was Heard them talk, watched them watch Found that you w
eren't related

You were tracked, you were found You were fooled and you were b
aited But you had to go, you had to look You had to ask what th
eir name was

You always stay, you're always stuck You never see the equation
You're one of these, you're one of them You're one of those ki
nd of strangers